A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

HAMPTON-COVRT,

AND THE

ISLE OF WIGHT:

VXBRIDGE being Moderator,

Impartially discoursing of the effects and defects of the TREATY.

And the likelihoods and unlikelihoods we have of the composure of a well grounded and lasting Peace.

With the preparations and treachery of the Army for preventing the same.

By *Tom Till troath*, Clarke for his Majesty, in the TREATY.

Printed in the Yeare of expectation, of the peace or ruine of the Nation, 1648.

A Dialogue, &c.

Isl. Wight.

COme, come, Mrs. *Hampton*, though you are a great Courtier in the eye, and I but a ſmall ſpot in the face of the Sea, yet I am verily perſwaded that I am thought worthy before you ſelfe to teeme and bring forth the ſweete and long expected Babe of Peace; Tis not the ſtatelyneſſe of a Court, or the greatneſſe of a City that the Authour and finiſher of Peace lookes upon. the meaner place is more acceptable; Bethlem (where the King of peace himſelfe was born) was thought worthier th̄ Jeruſalem that City, to bring forth him that (by his ſuffrings) made peace for the whole world, and why not the *Iſle of Wight* before thee, or Mrs. *Uxbridge* either; yea or *London* the Parliaments Midwife.

I have in my Cabinet an ancient Propheſie no leſſe then 500. yeares old, which I believe will now be fulfilled, to the joy of all true Engliſh hearts, that love Peace, truth, unity, and concord, the Father and Mother of all other bleſſings whatſoever; and this Propheſie runs thus:

The time ſhall come, a King cloath'd all in white
Shall Crown England with Peace from the Iſle of Wight.

Hampton. O Mrs. *Wight* be not too confident, this child may yet prove abortive: Alas, I feare thou muſt ſuffer many bitter pangs before thou art yet delivered of Peace; I know my Royall Maſter has ſuffred many baſe affronts, bitter griefs, and dire laments in thee; was he not betrayd and decoyd into thee, when he took his flight from me, by that Apoſtate *Cromwell*? was he not in thee kept cloſe Priſoner, debarred of the ſociety of all his friends and ſervants, taunted, and uncivilly uſed by wicked *Hamond* his curſed Jaylor? and he

according to his bounden duty warranted by the Law of God, the Law of nature, and the Law of the Land, namely noble *Burley* making but ſigne of reſiſtance to reſcue His Majeſty from all his miſery, was ſuddenly by theſe wild Canibals devoured, hangd, drawn, and quartred for his Alegeance to his King? did not *Rolfe* (think you) that waited 4 lōg houres with a Piſtoll to take away his life, deſerve a ſmall gratuity of 200.l. for his ſo doing? did not *Dowcet* and *Osburne* deſerve to be impriſoned for revealing the ſame, and the other revarded for acting the ſame? O *Hammon* remember *Mordecai*, fear and tremble, for the like preferment will one day fall to thee as it did to thy Nameſake, when it ſhall be read in the Chronicles of the Kings of England, that thou ſetſt on that villain *Rolfe* to murder his Maſter, and didſt ſolicite thy Maſters ſo often for him to be ſo well rewarded for ſo foule and wicked an intention; and that wicked villaine Serjant *Wilde*, that condemned and murdred Noble *Burley* (for doing his duty according to Law) muſt releaſe *Rolfe* for doing ſo abhorred an act againſt law, religiō, reaſon, or conſcience; Mrs. *Wight* you know all this to be true, do you not?

Wight. I but Mrs. *Hampton*, truth is not to be ſpoke at all times; theſe are bugs words againſt the Parliament; have a care they ſtop not your mouth with a little Ipdependent mercy, for that will ſpoile your blabbing for ever after; you know how they uſe to deale with Malignants, and being an old Courtier, and of ſo ancient a houſe as you are, you muſt needs be voted a Malignant and ſo an enemy to the Kingdome and Parliament, and then, &c.

Hamp. Were the Parliament as mad as the ſwine poſſeſſed with the Divell, tha they were running headlong to their owne confuſion; might not a man adventure to ſtop them, or perſwade them (though to no purpoſe?) plaine Troath feares no colours, had they as many and as changeable as the Rainbow, and their garments were dyed with ſcarlet goar of innocents till they had made this *ſland* a generall Sepulchre; it ſhould not fright me, I'de tell them on't, and that home too; I ſay they are Tyrants, and inhumane Rebels, that have wronged the moſt vertuous King that ever

Raigned

Raigned in Christendome, have divided him from his owne Wife, driven him from his Princely Children, imprisoned, defamed, reproached, scandalized, renounced, writ and spoke all manner of evill against him, murdred his Nobility, killed his Gentry, robbed the Commonalty, and enriched themselves by the ruines of other men, that now they are fatted in mischiefe; and tumble and lye blowing and gloaring in the wealth of the Kingdome; whilest Trading is decayed, the People are impoverished, beggery increased, many a Member of Christ starved, others lie groaning, some in goales others in Hospitals, some Parents amidst their families keeping time in weeping with their children who want one morsell of bread to sustaine their lives; the Mother sitting to suckle her tender Infant with an empty breast, and a more sorowfull heart listning for the dying groanes of her starved childe, and yet this will not move these Miscreants to the the least pitty or compassion.

Wight. Indeed Mrs. *Hampton* I believe most of your sad story to be true; but if the King and Parliament agree, there will no doubt be a way thought on to encrease Trade, that the poore may be set on work and all things may be well.

Hampton. Alas Mrs. *Wight*, you are deceived; for admit that the King and Parliament should agree, what will the Army doe?

Wight. Agree to, or be hanged; were they agreed, wee should doe with the Army well enough.

Hampton. But in the meane time they will deale with him, and us to; to what end thinke you tooke they his Majesty away from *Holdenby*, without the authority of Parliament? was it to bring him to his Parliament, or send him to them to be murdered by *Rolfe*? to what end did they make so many professions and ingagements for his Majesties just Rights in generall, both at *Newmarket*, and S*t*. *Albanes*, as may appeare by their voted and revoted Propositalis; was it for his good? Yes, because the Parliament had protested to make him great and glorious; therefore they would send him to heaven quickly to be great and glorious there; for I am perswaded, and so are more beside I, that

they would never have ſent him to thee Mrs. *Wight*, but to have him murdered; what thinke you meanes the 4000. horſe that are now upon their march under *Ingolsby* to thee, Mrs. *Wight*, is it to bring him to his Parliament? yes I warrant you, *the cleane contrary way*; what meant the Independents Petition, but to be ſeconded by the Army? What meanes their placing Committees of Independents in all Counties, Caſtles, and places of ſtrength, but to ſubdue all to themſelves? To tell you true Mrs. *Wight*, they meane to governe by the power of the ſword, and care not a pin for King or Parliament either; alas they are againſt both, and will fight againſt both before this Treaty goe forward, or any peace ſhould be concluded: Doe you thinke that they meane to give over their trade, *viz.* cutting of throats, and murdering their brethren? No, no, blood is the ſweeteſt liquor they can taſte, and ſtole goods that are plundred and robbed from their fellow Subjects, is the only ſtaffe of their life; if they disband they loſe all: *Fairfax* and *Cromwell* intend to ſhare the Kingdome between them; if not both the Kingdomes; *Tom* muſt be King of England, and *Noll* King of Scotland; thinke you we ſhall not be well governed then? They will be mercifull Kings; Sir *Charles Lucas* and Sir *George Liſle* felt their mercy, and ſo I feare ſhall we ere long; for the ſeaven deadly ſins are now the Armies beſt companions, luſt, luxury, and exceſſe, vanity, pride, and prodigality; envy, contention, unnaturall diviſions, oppreſſion, fraud, and violence, are to be of their privy counſell; oathes, blaſphemies, and prophanations, muſt be their Chaplaines; envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableneſſe ſhall be their counſellours of eſtate; Engliſh blood ſhall be their wine, the caske your bodies, which they will pierce with their ſwords, your goods ſhall be their prey, your wives ſhall be their lawndreſſes, and cookes, chambermates, and the like, your ſons and daughters their ſlaves, your cattle at their command; beſides you ſhall pay for rods by ſubſidies to whip and afflict your ſelves; and in this manner ſhall you labour and worke for them ſo long as you live; is not heere a thorow Reformation indeed? Is not heere a

Kingdome

Kingdome well governed, when you must be slaves to the veriest slaves in a Kingdome? Then when it is too late, and the rod is upon you, you will cry out with anguish of heart; *O that we had knowne the day of our visitation, but now 'tis hid from our eyes*; O that we had but knowne obedience to so good a King as King *Charles*, we had not now been slaves to these Rogues, and scums of mankinde? O that wee had been wise in time, but now tyranny, wrath, anguish, and destruction hath seized upon us; we murmured at shipmoney before, but now wee are shipwracked of all wee have; we thought our happinesse misery then; but now our misery is our happinesse indeed, and who may we thanke, but our owne obstinancy and disobedience? for which sin we are now forced to obey those that sometime were our inferiours: What a case are we now in, when our lives, liberties, and estates lye all under the command of the sword of a treacherous and revolting Army?

Wight. Mrs. *Hampton*, I believe thou speakest all out of envy, because my Governour is an Independent, and I my selfe am commanded by the Army; I professe I thinke the Army meanes well to the King, for all this, and will for their advantage close againe with him, and ruine the Parliament.

Hampton. No, no, never thinke that; they will have no King but Christ forsooth, and he must raigne in their rotten consciences, and their rotten consciences must raigne over you; for the Parliament they intend to breake up that, and chuse Representatives by their owne power, without the Kings Writ, that shall be all Independent, which shall be the upholders, preservers, maintainers, setlers, and establishers of the Kingdome; they meane to have a Parliament that that they can rule, this is too unruly for them; then for the liberty of the Subject, when Sir *Thomas* and his copartner *Crummell* shall be the Kingdomes Stewards, and dispose of all as they shall thinke fit, the honour and priviledge of Parliament must needs be well backed and maintained then; when they shall act or doe nothing but by the order of the Army.

Uxbridge. *But stay a while Mrs.* Hampton, *what will*

you

you say, if London *and the whole Kingdome rise in armes to quell this tyrannicall Army, What will you say then?*

Hampton. Then they will prevent all this; but they are so besotted and bewitched to their owne ruine, that they had rather live slaves, then resist the Army, there is danger in that, and danger they love not, and Religion and they are upon shaking hands and parting.

Uxbridge. *But if the King signes to what he swore to maintaine at his Coronation, how doth he preserve his honour, or a good Conscience; or what will he be the better?*

Hamp. If he breakes his Oath in signing to the Presbyterian Religion; farewell Conscience; for the Militia is in the hands of the Army, and they willl scourge him with his own Rod; but if he looseth his Honour and a good Conscience (as God forbid) and granteth all things they ask, which to prevent more effusion of innocent blood he will do, he must remaine but the outside, the picture and signe of a King, to the Parliament themselves, and signe or signe not be ruled by the Army too: Had ever King two such Masters, if he pleaseth the Parliament then he displeaseth the Army, and if he sides with the Army then he displeaseth the Parliament; and betweene two Thieves he is crucified, either of them traytrously inforcing, or craftily perswading His Majesty; for avoiding the devouring Gulph *Charibdis*, to dash himselfe against the sharpe Rock of death-threatning *Scylla*, according to that old verse, never more truly verified then now.

——— *Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim.*
Hee's dasht against *Scylla's* Rock, and quite destroy'd,
Hoping *Charibdis* Whirle-poole to avoid.

Postscript.

AND certainely this is too evident when we consider the sad condition of His Majesty since he hath been in their hands; being tost and tumbled up and downe by these most trayterous and rebellious Sectaries and Schismaticks, to keep him in the griping pawes and captivity of *Cromwell*, and his Confederate *Hammond*, *Rolfe*, and others to make up their own mouths and worke out their owne weale, though with the inevitable Ruine and destruction of so gracious and good a King, and the utter confusion of a poor, tottering, torn and miserable distracted Church and State; But if London still wants eyes to see the misery that is comming upon her, I would she might be blind for ever; the wealth is most in her, and where the Carcas is Eagles will gather thither: Me thinks I heare her last dying knell sound in mine eares, and her very heart-strings crack, an alarme is given to her already.

And if hereafter she will not be shent, let pollicy teach her to prevent her certaine ruine, that comes posting on with her inevitable destruction.

Tho: Tel troath.

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